

The Sky Line Trail



Photo by Peter Whyte

VOL. 4 No. 14
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*Official Organ of the
Sky Line Trail Hikers
of the Canadian Rockies.*

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Prospecting for a campsite in Larch Valley. Eiffel Peak on the left.

Photo by Peter Whyte.

CAMP AT LARCH VALLEY

Snow still lies deep in Larch Valley, but by early July the earliest flowers will be pushing up and when we meet for our Annual Camp the Alpine meadows should be in riotous bloom. Arrangements have been completed for our accommodation, which will be partly in tents and partly in teepees, with the celebrated Sun Dance Lodge Tent as our Community Hall (heated for cool nights) and a couple of drying tents which experience has found welcome for those coming in hot after a long day's hike. A limited number of sleeping bags will be available and plenty of blankets, although many prefer to bring their own. These with a bed of boughs provide all the comfort that the true hiker desires. We plan to hold the Pow-Wow in Moraine Lake Lodge on Sunday evening, August 8th, so that friends may motor out from Lake Louise and Banff to join the Sing Song. Our Camp will be far enough away from the beaten track to ensure privacy, and is the centre

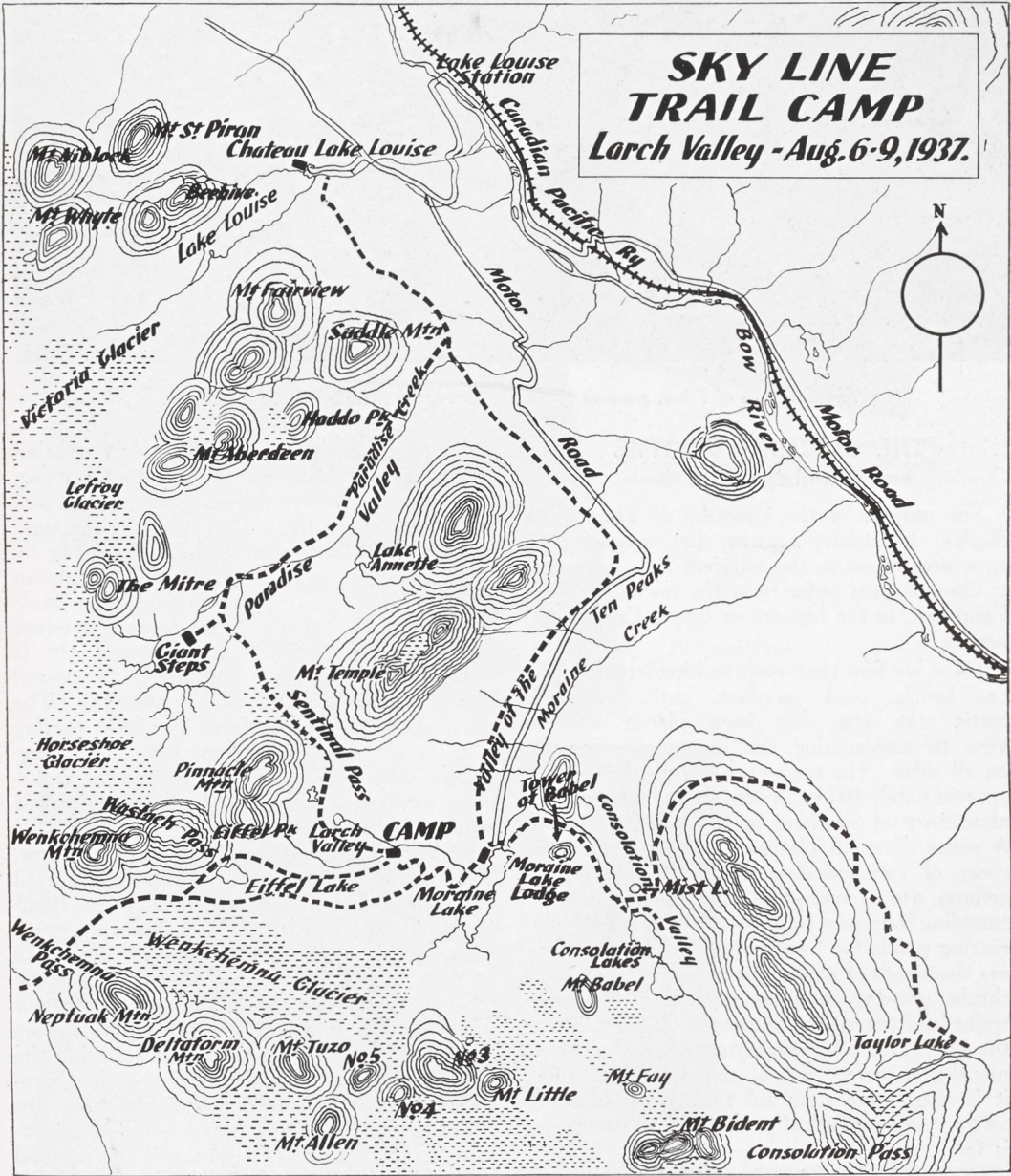
for trail hikes of great variety in an Alpine terrain which is of spectacular beauty. While the elevation of the Camp is high, it is well sheltered.

The lover of wild flowers will find here a natural garden that may well take his breath away. An indication of the bird life is given in the illustrated article by Dan McCowan which we print in this bulletin. Dan has such a wealth of photographs that it was difficult to pick and choose from his collection of bird pictures. Here too is a great butterfly country, as Carl Rungius can testify. The artist and the camera man must come well supplied with paints and films, for there are no stores up in Larch Valley and the beautiful vistas at every step one takes along the trails cannot be resisted.

We shall have our portable harmonium for the evening sing-song round the campfire, and the Song Sheet is growing with new numbers to popular tunes of the day. And we have Nature guides, story tellers and reciters and amateur actors, as well as musicians.

For a camp of this nature preparations have to be made well in advance, and our outfitter, Pat Brewster, asks us to specify our numbers at least a fortnight in advance of the Camp. Those who desire sleeping bags will get them in the order of application, so the earlier you send in your reservation the better. Reservations should be sent up to July first to J. M. Gibbon, Room 324, Windsor Station, Montreal, and after that date to Dan McCowan, Western Secretary, Sky

Line Trail Hikers, Banff, Alberta, Canada. The rate of \$20.00 for the Camp includes the transport of duffle from Lake Louise to Larch Valley and return. Duffle will be transported up to the Valley on pack ponies. This avoids the discomfort of carrying one's belongings in a heavy knapsack, though some hardy hikers seem to like to travel like Bunyan up the Hill of Difficulty.





The Cascades of Time, grounds of the Parks' Administration Building, Banff.

THE CASCADES OF TIME

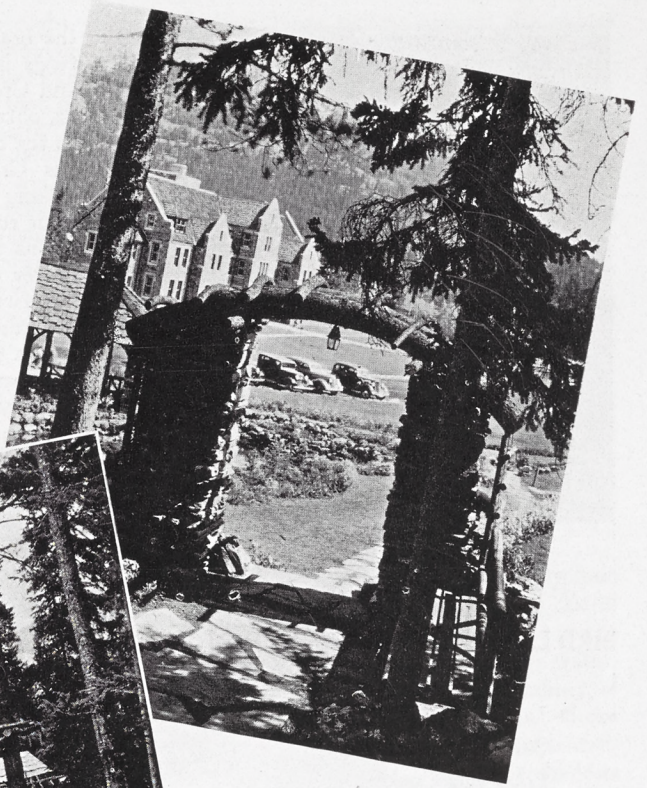
Banff National Park, Banff, Alberta

The purpose of the Cascades of Time is to display, in artistic manner, the various rock structures found in the adjacent hills, arranged in chronological order from the lowest, or Pre-Cambrian, to the highest, or Upper Cretaceous, periods.

Here we find that each architectural feature, i.e., bridge, pool, pavilion, path, waterfall, rustic seat, etc., has been placed with a view to emphasizing the inspiring panorama on all sides. The topography is gently rising—approximately 60 feet in 400 feet—and there is an abundance of sunshine in the growing season. A series of small plateaux, each consisting of rocks of corresponding age in the geological column, are connected by lovely little cascades, tumbling from pool to pool. These pools provide rearing ponds for trout, while among the rocks are thousands of alpine flowers, rock plants and shrubs growing in great profusion. Flagstone walks lead the visitor by easy gradients through the whole area which presents, during the summer months, a perfect riot of colour, and at night it is even more beautiful than by day, being softly and artistically lighted. Admission is free.

The architectural features of the garden are interesting. First is the Cambrian Pavilion which is twelve by thirty-six feet, constructed

of Corral creek shale and other early Cambrian rock and rustic timbers. The nearby Cambrian pool, which may be glimpsed through the arches of the pavilion, is the second largest in the area, being about 125 feet long and exceeded only by the Cretaceous pool in size. The Cambrian archway is an interesting structure being built on the top edge of a rock slope, on a five-foot foundation of boulders and concrete. It is composed of Cambrian sandstone with natural curved timber archway and pergola top. The main plateau is reached from here after passing a series of cascades and terraces. Two stone bridges span the cascades and lead to the Devonian pavilion. This is an octagonal shaped structure with windows facing on all sides. It is furnished with a guest-register table and benches. The roof is constructed of curiously distorted logs which are found occasionally in Banff National Park—thick trunks of towering spruce trees, having huge bulbous knots and growths on them. These logs have also been used in the construction of two timber bridges, the first of which spans the Permian pool located on the Devonian Plateau, and the second crossing the cascades leading to the Cretaceous pool. Devonian Arbor and Lookout Pavilion are also interesting structures showing excellent workmanship in fitting of hand-sawn and stained logs. The view from these buildings is magnificent, commanding the Bow Valley and Cascade mountain.



*Archway to the Devonian Pool.
Administration Buildings' ground.
Banff.*



*Permian Pool
Devonian Pavilion*



Devonian Pool and Pavilion.



Young Mountain Bluebird.

BIRD LIFE IN THE CANADIAN HIGHLANDS

Written and illustrated

by Dan. McCowan

Summer is i-comen in,
Loud sing Cuckoo.

Walking on high line trails and meadows or resting in mossy green dells in the Canadian Rockies you will listen in vain for the voice of a Cuckoo. Nor will you be charmed by skylark song at dawn or by nightingale in the gloaming. But your eye will be gladdened by the sight of a mountain bluebird in the greening larches and your ear charmed by the sweet notes of an ouzel as it curtsies amid the falling spray of a sunlit waterfall.

During winter months the bird population in this region is small. Food is scarce and nights are often bitterly cold. Snow Buntings are of course very much at home here, feeding on the seeds of such weeds as grow freely by the verge of highways and on waste places. The Woodpeckers, Downy, Hairy, and Pileated find grubs under the bark of trees in the daylight hours and roost at night, not shivering on a spindly twig but snug in a cavity in the bole of a tree. Clarkes Crows are prominent and noisy birds, fond of a bone to pick. Thus in winter they may be observed close to the kitchen doors of hotels and restaurants in Banff. The Canada Jay, alias Whisky Jack, alias Moose Bird, alias Camp Robber, is an exceedingly clever bird. Watching the autumnal activities of squirrels and chipmunks, it has learned to store seeds and berries against famine days. Plump chickadees cling to

the branches of willow and birch, scanning the twigs in quest of dormant insects. Grosbeaks and Crossbills pry apart the cones of pine and fir, obtaining food from the seeds of these trees. In the covert of quiet snowy woods dwell numerous Grouse. Sheltered from rude winds and ruffling their feathers against the frost, these birds contrive to live on a diet of twigs of evergreens and buds of birch. Ptarmigan, then in winter dress of white, scorn the shelter of the underwoods and remain on the wind-swept uplands even in the bleakest weather. At this season the feet and toes are heavily feathered to form snowshoes on which the birds may walk securely on the drifts.]

Rarely are ravens seen although these birds of sombre plumage are present in the Rockies at all seasons. They have a habit of indulging in curious capers in mid-air in spring time, tumbling head over tail as if all aerial control were lost,—stunt flying if you will. Of the resident birds of prey the Great Horned Owl is almost sole representative. This owl has the distinction of being an exceedingly early bird, so far as nesting operations are concerned. I have record of them hatching eggs in March. Mice form the chief source of food of the Owls with an occasional small bird to give variety to a meal. Hunting largely by stealth, it seems strange that the Owl is a clamorous fowl, disturbing the silence of the woods with its discordant cries. There is but one bird in the Rockies which sings freely in winter time. The artless fluting of a water ouzel in the drab days of November is a delight to the ear of the lover of birds and bird song.



Photo by Dan McCowa

Young of Red-tail Hawk

When winter has given place, almost overnight, to summer there is at once a great influx of avian visitors to the region around Banff and Lake Louise. The Western Robin, is usually first of the migrants to appear, coming, not as might be supposed from the South, but from the West. These robins, really thrushes, spend the winter months around Vancouver and Victoria, feeding there on the berries of rowan and ivy. In March they cross the Selkirks and Rockies in leisurely flight, seldom traveling more than twenty or twenty five miles a day. Early in April the Mountain Bluebirds come home again. They are entirely blue, a blue not like larkspur, not like forget-me-not, but a blue that Josiah Wedgewood might have visioned in a dream. They are, of all small birds, most inquisitive. They come gladly to nest in boxes under the eaves and there the house sparrows plague them greatly. Tree swallows delight in teasing them, yet I have on more than one occasion seen a male bluebird nab a swallow in flight and pin its tormentor to the ground buffeting it with the wings and pecking it severely.

As soon as the lakes and streams are free from ice the fishing birds re-appear. The Osprey or Fish Hawk plans to arrive about the tenth of April and soon is busy repairing the great bulky nest on top of the tall spruce tree. The watchman's rattle of the Kingfisher is heard again on the still lagoons. Mergansers,—large ducks with much white plumage breast the strong river currents in a search for fish. Numerous Grebes swim swiftly under water sounding great depths in search of their prey. From lonely tarns a solitary Loon calls eerily in the dusk of an April evening.

Swallows are fond of the genial sunny days in the western hills. At Banff Springs Hotel many

pairs of these birds twitter around the gables and dormers of that great stone castle.

“—where they most brood and nest
—I have observed the air is delicate”

For several years a large colony of Cliff Swallows has found a safe nesting place under Bow Bridge at Banff and on a summer's evening these birds, readily distinguished by a prominent chestnut-brown patch on the forehead, may be seen skimming the surface of the quietly flowing river. Another group has discovered a satisfactory substitute for a cliff in a lofty wall of Chateau Lake Louise. Nearly all small birds

like to live near the dwellings of mankind for in such places they are not so readily beset by birds of prey.

The Vermilion Lakes at Banff are favourite haunt of water-fowl. Families of Mallards there putter contentedly in the shallows while small flotillas of Coots cruise in the channels amidst tall green reeds. Shore birds such as the Killdeer and the Spotted Sandpiper find food in abundance by the margin of the lakes. In the marshes nearby the voice of a Bittern may

sometimes be heard but seldom does one catch a glimpse of this elusive bird. During nesting season the call notes of a Bittern sound like the gaspings and gurglings incidental to the priming of a dry pump.

When, in mid-May, the wild gooseberry bushes begin to flower, it is then that the Rufous Hummingbirds return to the Rockies of Canada. These elfin like creatures, whose wings whirr like the spinning wheel of a fairy, come from central America, a long journey for an aviator the size of a hazel nut. Few are lost on the way as may be inferred from the fact that each pair rears but one brood in a season and there are only two eggs to a clutch. They have but



C.P.R. Photo.

Young Eagle in Nest on Mount Whyte near Lake Louise.



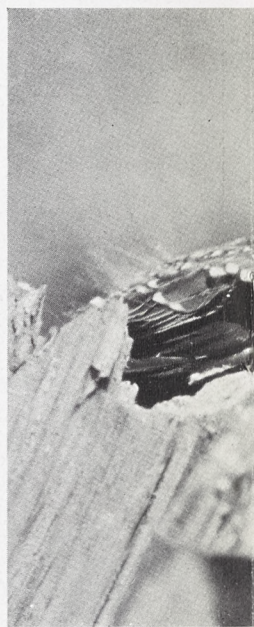
Ptarmigan.



Nest of Solitaire.



Nest of Kildeer.



*Townsend's
(immature)*



Eyrie of Golden Eagle.



Male Grouse in Mating Plumage.



Solitaire.
(ature)



"Conversation Piece".

Photos by Dan McCowan.

few enemies and, despite their tiny size, are really very hardy birds. Nesting on tip of a branch overhanging a stream or lake, the cradle of these feathered jewels is formed of fine grasses, lined with the silky fluff from willow and poplar and ornamented with various kinds of coloured lichens. All through the summer Humming Birds are seen on the terraces at Banff and in the flower gardens at Lake Louise.

The shady green underwoods at Emerald Lake offer sanctuary to many kinds of birds. Warblers, such as Audubons and the Yellow Warbler are common in the willows at the eastern end of the Lake. Tiny brown Wrens flit through the alders by the shore. In the woods near Natural Bridge one may often see Wilson's Thrush. Red Winged Blackbirds pour out their mellow liquid song in the meadows of Ottertail. White Crowned Sparrows pipe early and late in all parts of this vale that is bright with flowers and filled with the fragrance from balsam and fir.

On the high moors of Ten Peak Valley there are many small animals such as Gophers, Chipmunks, Conies and Marmots, these furnishing food to numerous birds of prey. Golden Eagles nest from time to time on Tower of Babel and these handsome bronzed birds may be seen soaring in great spirals amongst the lofty peaks. Red-tail Hawks, almost as large as eagles, sail serenely overhead scanning the ground for sight of a careless hare or a gopher off his base. Of the smaller hawks the Sharp-shinned, Coopers and Sparrow Hawk are common in this region, the male bird of the latter species splendid in his coat of many colours.

In Larch Valley, where the camp of the Trail Hikers will be pitched in August, Ptarmigan are almost sure to be seen, and photographed. These birds are confiding creatures, easily approached and not readily flushed. Chipping Sparrows and Juncos, small ground frequenting birds, live in the thin woods in great numbers. On the windy uplands of Wenkchemna, Grey-crowned Rosy Finches are at home. They nest in the limestone crags above timber line and are often seen on or close to the edge of large snowbanks.

Where ever you walk in this great highland sanctuary, there is ample opportunity to observe and study birds large and small. High in a larch tree the Solitaire sits and sends his single high pitched note to echo from the cliffs of Neptuak. On the surface of Moraine Lake a pair of Harlequin ducks preen their feathers and splash contentedly in the cool green water. Magpies fly back and forth across the valley, always purposeful and noisy, ever immaculate, constantly wary and alert. Groups of Waxwings, clad in suits of delicate pastel shades, perch silently in the crowns of dark green pines and bask drowsily in the sunshine.

When autumn comes with its mellow golden days the birds become less active and are more silent. To-day the swallows are here in the hills,—tomorrow they will be gone. Presently there is hoar frost on the meadow grass and a powdering of fresh snow on the mountain tops. High in cloudland are seen the chevrons of the Wild Geese, impelled by the North Wind and guided unerringly to a fair haven in a far off land.



*The Author's Boots after a
Bird Hunting Exploration
in the Canadian Rockies.*

Photo by Dan McCowan.



On a Trail at Emerald Lake.

Photo by Sophie P. Woodman.

“GUARDIANS OF THE WILD”

Although ten acres were reserved for the creation of “Banff National Park” shortly after the inauguration of a transcontinental service by the Canadian Pacific Railway fifty years ago, it was not till 1911 that the Dominion Forest Reserves and Parks Act was passed under which the present extensive development of National Parks became possible. Mabel B. Williams has written the story of this development in an entertaining volume entitled “Guardians of the Wild” (Thomas Nelson and Sons Limited—75 cents), and tells how the buffalo was brought back to Canada, how sanctuaries were created for elk, antelope and birds, and how highways were built for the automobile traffic which has made the National Parks so accessible to an army of tourists. Miss Williams has a fine sense of style as evidenced in her description of the Canadian Rockies:

“Sometimes, on a grey morning, you may find the peaks standing out cold and forbidding as immutable facts, but wait only an hour or so and the scene will change. The clouds will dissolve, and under the prismatic radiance of Canadian sunlight the cold limestones will take on tones as soft as the breast of a bird—delicate mutations of mauves, olives, and airy rose, which the eye must be trained to see—the stern outlines will melt, the mountains will soar upwards as if they were merely tethered to the earth, airy, unsubstantial things, which a breath

of wind might almost blow away. Sunrise and sunset perform their magical transformations, peak after peak lighting up into pink and gold as the swinging beam of the sun touches them, at night fading out into a daffodil glow which lingers for hours, to be replaced in northern latitudes, by a ghostly radiance which is known as the ‘false dawn.’ ”

Here is her description of the region which we have chosen for the Sky Line Trail Hikes of August 1937:

“A few miles away, in the wild and lonely valley of the Ten Peaks, is the peacock-hued Lake Moraine, set in the arc of the Ten Peaks. In a neighbouring valley lies the solitary Consolation Lake, very lovely, but known to few. Down the Giant’s Steps, in Paradise Valley, at least so Indian mothers say, comes “Muchee-manitou” looking for naughty little children, whom he carries off to his home up in the sky to eat. But there is nothing in the Paradise Valley itself to suggest evil; it is a bit of exquisite pastoral loveliness untouched by man, its green meadows brilliant with flowers and its stillness broken only by the sound of falling waters, resembling the vision of Mirza, so Eden-like is its freshness”.

In the chapter entitled “The Protection of the Forest”, the flowers of the Alpine meadows are detailed with knowledge and great charm of languages, while a vivid picture is painted of the terrors and devastation of forest fires.

Here is a book which can be strongly recommended to all who love the mountains.

THE FIRST DOMINION SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS TO BE HELD IN THE ROCKIES

by A. N. Carscallen

Until this winter the Dominion of Canada Ski Championship Meet has been honored with very few competitors from other than Canadian Clubs. In keeping with the rapid development of ski interest and activity in this and other countries, the 1937 Dominion Meet blossomed forth as a major international sporting event.

The main reason for this great forward stride was the staging of the Meet in the ideal ski terrain of the Rockies. Over 100 competitors representing 40 ski clubs were attracted from five Canadian Provinces, seven States of the Union, Norway and Switzerland.

The evening of March 4th saw Banff agog with excitement as skiers and ski enthusiasts from so many widely scattered points gathered with one common interest. Up and down Banff Avenue, over which floated the Union Jack, Stars and Stripes and the flags of Norway and Switzerland, strolled groups of ski toggled visitors. There is a feeling of camaraderie in the air! Everyone is interested in everyone else. And why not? All are steeped in skiing and ski lore. All have a common bond that has drawn them together from many parts of the world.

In a hotel lobby Al Lindley of Minneapolis and Don Fraser of Seattle, American Olympic representatives of last year, renew acquaintance. On the verandah we find Willi Bergin, the smiling Captain of the Swiss Universities Ski Team, carrying on a none too fluent conversation with Dave Bradley of Dartmouth. Bursts of voluble German emanate from a doorway across the street where Vic Kutschera, erstwhile Tyrolean, and Karl Fahrner, former German Olympic Skier, now representing Olean Ski Club of Buffalo, N.Y., talk of familiar haunts in the Alps. Viateur Cousineau and Louis Cochand, young Canadian skiing aces from the Laurentians, slip away for a long sleep before the Cross Country race on the morrow, while Erling Strom of the Lake Placid Club proudly introduces his countryman, Sverre Kolterud of Oslo, to Miss Edith Hilda Hammond of Nassau. Only Banff in summertime can claim a more representative gathering. But things are different then. Summer tastes and pursuits are varied; swimming, riding, golfing, hiking and climbing. In Winter the town and every visitor sheds all distracting thoughts and gets down to the serious play of skiing.



*Photo by A. N. Carscallen.
Pierre Francioli of Switzerland in the Downhill Race which he won
as well as the Slalom.*

On Friday, March 5th, the Cross Country race starting at Mt. Norquay Ski Camp, ushered in the events. This race was a real test of stamina and endurance. The course used was 9.9 miles in length and involved slightly more change in altitude than is usually found on a Cross Country run. One hour, twenty three minutes and eight seconds after starting, Howard Chivers of the Dartmouth Outing Club crossed the finish line. Sverre Kolterud of Norway and Chivers' coach, Walter Prager, followed closely with times but twenty-seven and forty seconds longer respectively.

Possibly the highlight of the race was the performance of L. Tulkka of Huntsville, Ont. Through a misunderstanding Tulkka stepped off the train but a few minutes before the race started. He was taken post-haste to Mt. Norquay where the other competitors, already at the starting line, very sportingly agreed to give him the last starting position. Tulkka had been on the train for three days; he had eaten no breakfast the morning of the race; was not used to the altitude; and did not have time to wax his skis with care. Ranking fifth in a field of 33 he was the fastest Canadian to cross the line, heading his nearest countryman by three minutes twenty seconds.

Western Canada Ladies Championships, the Slalom of which was run on Friday, provided a real eye-opener for the Banff and Vancouver Ladies. Grace Carter, diminutive ski expert from Seattle made beautiful runs in both slalom and down hill events to outclass her rivals.

Another beautiful warm, sunny day on Saturday was joyfully welcomed as flag judges, timers, starters, and recorders have no short stay on the hill when 60 competitors must each be given two runs over a difficult slalom course of 800 vertical feet.

The boys of the Swiss Universities Team were right at home on the long precipitous slalom course that was set down the "Gully" and over the "Cliff" of Mt. Norquay. In fact, so outstanding was their performance that four of them placed amongst the first five runners. Louis Cochand of St. Jovite being the top ranking Canadian with third place. The Norwegian ace, Kolterud, thrilled the spectators with the most miraculous recovery that has ever been witnessed in this part of skidom. Within fifty feet of the finish line on the second run, after passing through the last set of flags and while breezing along in the neighborhood of 40 miles an hour on what must have been a very tired pair of legs—something happened. His skis flew apart, arms shot into the air and in a fraction of a second he had lost his balance, spun through a 360° revolution and shot across the line—still on his feet.

Sunday was the big day. Dominion Championship Jumping, Western Canadian Ladies Downhill and an exhibition Men's slalom made up a programme that delighted the hundreds of spectators who came by car, bus, and special train from Calgary and Southern Alberta. Old Sol blazed down from a cloudless sky on thousands of spectators who made a colourful sight with their vari-hued jackets against the glittering snow, background of evergreens, and scintillating peaks.

From the "loud-speaker" comes the announcement of the first jump and far up on the judges stand the bugle wafts its notes out to echo from the peaks. All eyes lift up to the top of the inrun. He is away! And what a thrill the crowd receives as he soars into the air for 200 feet and then drops down and almost inaudibly meets the landing hill to streak down the outrun.

What a field day it was for photographers! Cameras by the hundred were clicking on every hand. Our worthy President, Mr. Peter Whyte, who was one of the officials in charge of the Meet, had supervised the construction of two camera stands high in the trees just below the jump take-off. Both Mr. and Mrs. Whyte spent a great deal of time, when not busy with their own cameras, in helping visiting amateurs and pressmen to take every advantage of the opportunity for good pictures.

Before the exhibition slalom, set by Walter Prager, was run off, the first jumping results were known. Alfred Engen of Salt Lake City first; Sverre Kolterud of Norway, second, and Tom Mobraaten of Vancouver, third. As Canadians took third to seventh places inclusive they ranked much better in the jump than in any of the other three events.

Do you remember the big hill on the hike to Sunshine Camp in the summer of 1935? From the Healy Creek ford to the Cabin you climb about 1600 vertical feet—but it is spread over three miles or so. Or maybe you felt that you were going uphill last summer on the hike to O'Hara? That was a climb of 1400 feet in 8 miles. Picture then the hill that Pierre Francioli of Switzerland negotiated to win the Downhill race of the Dominion Championships. A drop of 2500 vertical feet was crammed into one and one quarter miles. Two minutes twenty six seconds was his elapsed time for the course. Yes, and he even had time to be courteous on the way down! A careless photographer abused his privilege of standing near the course by wandering right onto it. In passing him Francioli was forced to make a fast turn, showered some snow upon him, and turned his head and begged the photographer's pardon!

Aside from its competitive value the Meet served the purpose of attracting to the Rockies a wealth of skiing talent that is acquainted with other mountain ski centers. The Swiss boys pronounced our ski terrain quite comparable to the better Alpine Areas. All visitors from far afield were impressed with the amazing beauty of the snow-clad peaks which in summer time attract so many of us to the Rockies.



Photo by A. N. Carscallen.
Sverre Kolterud of Norway making 194 foot jump.

YOHO VALLEY TRAILS

by Edmund A. Shead

Yoho Valley, Twin Falls, and the Highline Trail—where one may lie in the sun, listen to the whisper of the wind in the pine trees, and from the high places watch the skylines of the world.

The eight-mile post marks the end of the motor road where the cars and the people are left behind, and here the trail starts; a narrow, worn trail that quickly loses itself in the green dimness of forest walls.

This trail is the portal. It leads to the Bridal Veil Falls, to the Angel's Stairs, and, farther on, where ancient trees bear the moss of centuries and shadows of the ages dim the forest aisles—beyond the lake called Duchesney, where the old black moose symbolized the spirit of the untamed—it passes by Laughing Falls, prelude to Yoho.

And in Yoho . . .

There is the Canyon Trail, a trail that only a few have found; a trail that is old, where the wind whispers in the cedars and shy columbines nod and listen to the voices of the past, and a river rushes white-flecked among the rocks.

Beyond Laughing Falls a trail winds upward, where branches sway and toss in the breeze, and, seen between the filigree of the boughs, the sun glints on snow-capped crags. The tumbling roar of water lessens as the trail climbs, and the nodding plumes of the pines beat to the rhythm of a deeper resonance as the worn path dips into the clearing at Twin Falls.

Bursting to freedom from deep fissures in the Barrier Rim, the columns of the falls roar down from a height of 600 feet; clouds of spray rise in shimmering veils above the spear tips of the pines, and the wide veranda of a two-storied cabin invites rest.

Twisting up the sheer face of the Barrier, the Skyline Trail follows the Rim to the serrated ridges of the Whaleback, and north of the Rim leads through Waterfall Valley and on over the roof of the world to the land of the glaciers at the foot of Snow Dome.

Passing the soft beauty of Shadow Lake, the Highline Trail wanders on beneath the cool shade of the pines, and, presently, where the milky flood of a river sweeps through a deep gorge, another brown path winds off into cathedral aisles formed by the green canopies.

This is the trail of the Little Yoho. Following the river to the site of the old Alpine Camp at the head of the valley, it leads on through the

purple and white of mountain heather to the upland mesas, and climbs above timber line to the snows and galdiers of Emerald Pass.

After traversing the wind-carved ridges of the skyline, where warped, twisted pines bear mute testimony, the trail of the Little Yoho dips again to the wide valleys, crosses foaming creeks, follows the shores of placid lakes and rejoins the Highline Trail at Lookout Point.

Seven thousand feet high, Lookout Point hangs poised above the world. Red heralds of the dying day fling their crimson banners across the heavens, watching snow-caps glow above the blue haze of the distance and scarred lines of splintered pinnacles soften as shattered red walls, fading in the violet mists, drift into utter remoteness.

From Lookout Point the Highline Trail follows the terraces, skirts mighty cliffs, crawls along the base of red walls, crosses the treacherous stretches of the morain, and then, winding about the slopes of Michael Peak, passes into the cool shade of the pines and leads down to the timbered saddle of Yoho Pass and the still blue-green waters of Summit Lake.

Here the trail forks three ways. One way leads round the base of Mount Wapta, where bluebells, clustering on the talus slopes, nod in fragile beauty, and on to the green benches of Mount Field, where the paintbrush and columbines grow and the air is redolent with the breath of cedar and the tang of juniper; then dipping sharply into Walcott's Camp it goes on beyond to where the wind-swept shoulder of Burgess Pass juts out against the sky, 3,000 feet above the town of Field.

On one side of the Pass is Mount Stephen, Cathedral Mountain and the Valley of the Kicking Horse; on the other, Emerald Peak, the snowy crests of the Presidents, and, far below, lies the mountain gem that is Emerald Lake.

Another way leads over Yoho Pass, drops down through the forest from height to lesser height, by rippling creek and roaring waterfall, and winds about the tree fringed shores of Emerald Lake to the Chalet.

And the Highline Trail leaves the Pass by way of Summit Lake, goes down from bench to bench where the white flowers of syringa gleam wraith-like in the dusk, and leads again to Yoho Valley . . .

Yoho Valley at twilight . . . a touch of colour, a blending of shadows, trees swaying in the wind and the dim blue of distant hills, the deep solemn thunder of mighty Takakkaw and the tinkle of the horse bells mellowing the stillness.

The Thirty-Second Annual Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada,
will be held in the Little Yoho Valley, July 17th to 31st, 1937.



*Stream above the
Twin Falls, Yoho
Valley*



*In the Little
Yoho*

*Photo by
Dan McCowan.*

*Lovely Lake
Celeste,
on the
High Line
Trail*

*Photo by
J. M. Gibbon.*



Sky Line Trail Hikers

OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

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